02
DYNAMITE
TEEN
Disney
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES
WEISMAN
MOSS

02
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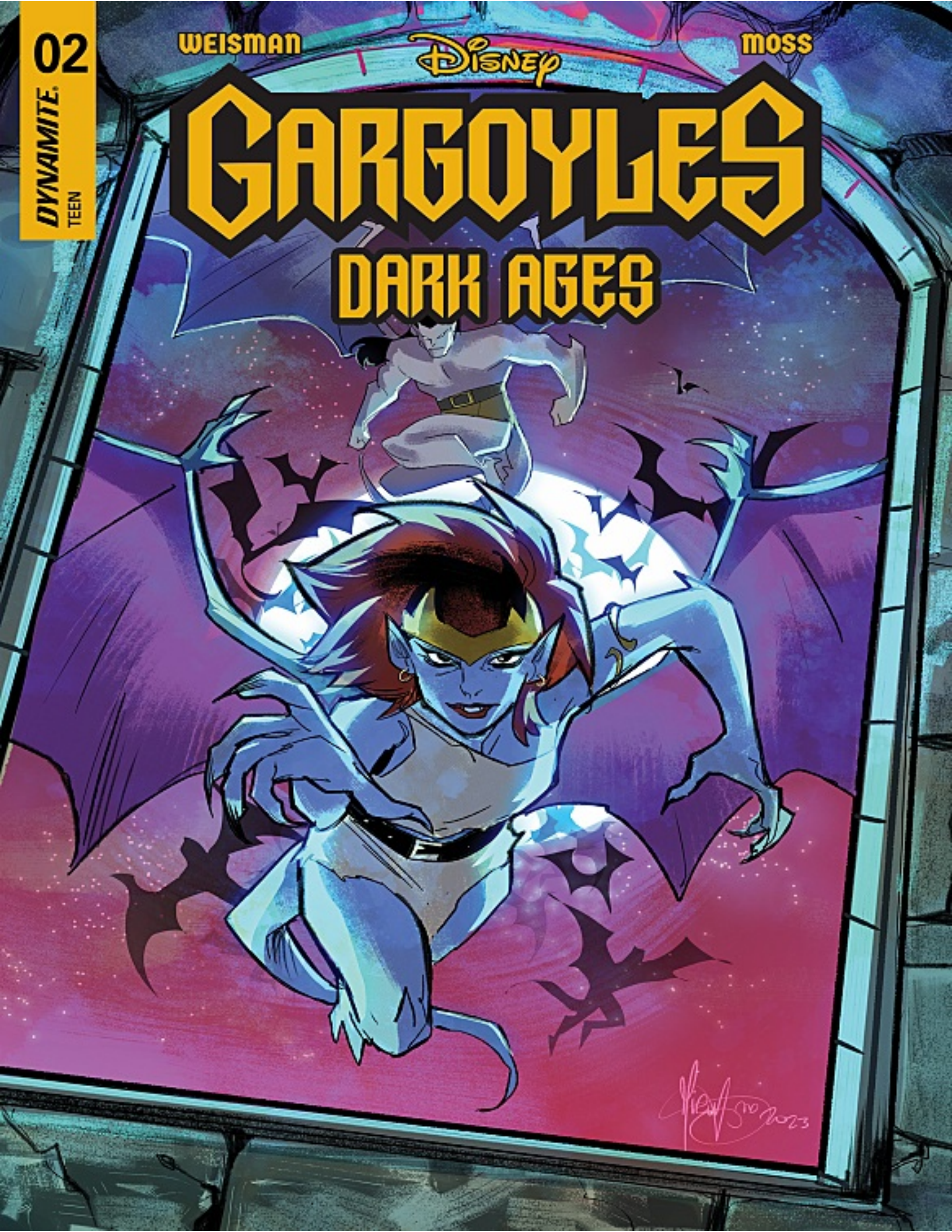
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES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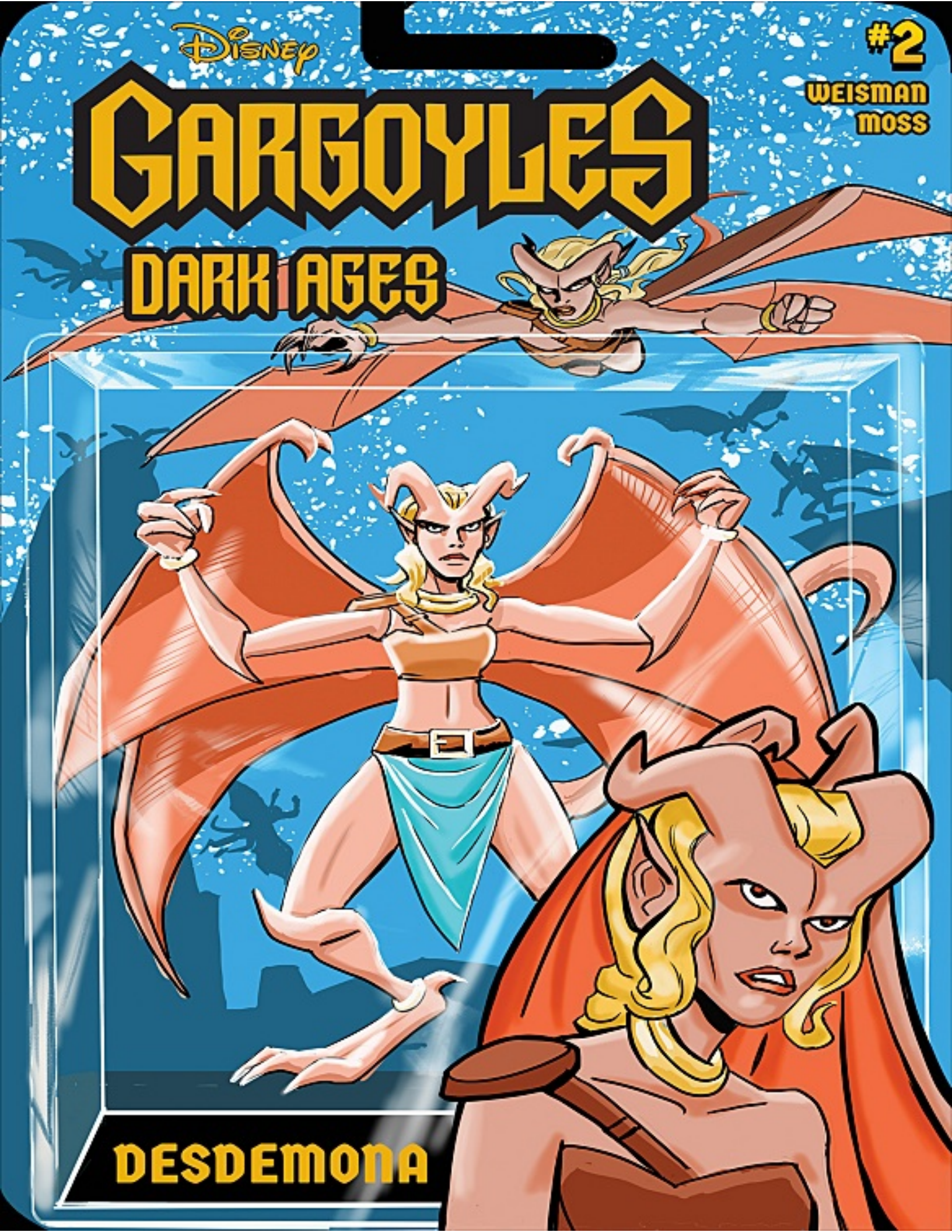
Disney
#2
WEISMAN
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GARGOYLES
DARK AGES
DESDEMONA

We let no one go.

DYNAMITE.

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BE CAREFUL, MY ANGEL...

"...OUR GENERATION WAS *FORBIDDEN* BY OUR LEADER FROM PARTICIPATING IN THIS BATTLE...
"...AND I FEAR HE HAD GOOD REASON."
One thousand years ago, *superstition* and the *sword* ruled. It was a time of *darkness*. It was a world of *fear*. It was...
Disney
GARGOYLES
DARK AGES
ALLIANCE
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Drew Moss Artist
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Jeff Eckleberry Letterer
Clayton Crain Main Cover
Nathan Cosby Packager/Editor

HAHAHAHAHA!
COME ON! COME ON!!
CAN'T LET MALCOLM HAVE ALL THE FUN!!
WHERE'S MY BROTHER?! WHERE'S PRINCE MALCOLM?!
KLANG

RROOOAARRRR
WELL, I'M OFF TO A WONDERFUL START...
KTANG
GASP

HELLLLPPP!!
YOUR HIGHNESS--
--NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT KENNETH HAVING GARGOYLES!
AYE, CAWDOR, IT'S A SET-BACK...
...BUT WE PLAY THE HAND WE'RE DEALT.
SIGNAL VALOIS!
VOCA MARE UT HOSTES CULEN REGIS FERIANT!
SHWOOOSH
SHWOOOSH
SHW
RRHHAHHR
NO!

KING CULEN HAS SIGNALED FOR YOUR ATTACK, LORD VALOIS.
YES, MENTETH, I CAN SEE THAT...
...NOR WILL I FAIL IN WHAT I HAVE PROMISED.
HASTA FATUM, VOCEM MEAM AUDI... VOCA MARE UT HOSTES CULEN REGIS FERIANT!
OOOSH
THERE YA GO, BOY!

SO, HE IS HERE...
FULMINUS VENITE!!
SPLOOSH
SO, HE IS HERE...

KRAK-A-BOOM
AHGG-GG-GG-GRHH
UNHHHH...
RRARKR
GRRWOARR

THE ADVANTAGE SEEMS TO BE OURS.
YES, BUT AMIDST THE MELEE, I DO NOT SEE OUR WAYWARD SISTERS...
...I WONDER HOW THEY FARE?
HE IS NOT!
HE IS STRONG AND GOOD. YOU TAKE THAT BACK!
...WHICH YOU SHOULD TAKE MORE TO HEART!
OH, THE IRONY, MONSTER...

NOW, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!!
I CANNOT BELIEVE OUR LEADER WISHED US TO MISS THIS TRIUMPH!
I CANNOT BELIEVE THE OTHERS HAVE YET TO JOIN US!
THEY ARE SHEEP!
EVEN HE YOU WOULD CALL MATE.
TEMPER, TEMPER, SISTER...
...KEEP YOUR FOCUS ON THE BATTLE AT HAND.
SAGE ADVICE, DAUGHTER...
...TO HEAR THEE SPOON OUT PHYSIC THAT THYSELF CONSUMED NOT.
SHLEK

NO...
NO!

MY LOVE, NO...

BEHIND YOU!
=SSSSSSS=
KRUNCH
=RRRRRRR-HUH-RRRRRR=

ADVANCE!!

RROARR
GRROWL
ARRARGH
MENTETH, REPORT!
YOUR MAJESTY...
CAWDOR AND ANGUS ARE LOST, AND LORD VALOIS HAS VANISHED...
...WHILE THE GARGOYLES TURN YOUR MEN TO HAGGIS.
AND THE ENEMY?
KENNETH HAS LOST NO THANES AT ALL, AND HIS SOLDIERS NOW OUTNUMBER OURS TWO TO ONE...
...WITH FRESH REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING AS WE SPEAK.
YOUR ARCHERS BROUGHT DOWN SOME OF THE MONSTERS--
--AND CAWDOR'S LAST ACT PUT DOWN ONE OF THEIR LEADERS...
...BUT ENOUGH REMAIN TO WIPE US OFF THE MAP!
HM. UNDERSTOOD.
PASS THE WORD. WE WILL SOON SOUND THE RETREAT.
YOUR MAJESTY, THEY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.
THEY'LL NAE LET US OFF THIS BEACH...
LEAVE THAT TO US.

SNARL!
CHILD, YOU PULL TOO FAR FROM OUR FORCES!
TELL THAT TO MY SISTER! SHE'S TWICE AS FAR AFIELD--
AYE, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A BERSERKER! THAT APPROACH PLAYS NOT TO YOUR STRENGTHS!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY STRENGTHS?
I AM A GARGOYLE OF UNKNOWN DEPTHS--

HOLD, MONSTERS!
COME NOT A STEP CLOSER OR THIS ONE'S LIFE IS FORFEIT.
TEMPT NOT MY WRATH, HUMAN...
...THIS NIGHT HAS ALREADY COST ME MY MATE...
MY ANGEL...
...YOU'LL FIND THERE'S LITTLE WISDOM IN THREATENING MY DAUGHTER.

UNHAND HER, MONSTER!!
OH, WE'RE THE MONSTER, NOW, ARE WE?
STAND DOWN, LAD! LEAVE THIS TO ME!
RRRRRRR
WHAT DO YOU WANT, MAN-KING?
YOU ARE THE RHYDDERCH OF YOUR CLAN?
I AM THEIR LEADER, AYE.
THEN WE HAVE INDEED CAPTURED THE RHYDDERCH'S DAUGHTER...
...AND WE'LL BE TAKING HER WITH US WHEN YOU ALLOW OURSELF TO DEPART IN SAFETY.
AYE, OUR PERSON AND ALL OUR MEN.

GARGOYLE, THE NIGHT IS OURS. WE CANNOT ALLOW CULEN TO ESCAPE AND REGROUP.
I CANNAE ALLOW MY CHILD TO SUFFER HARM, SIR.
YOU, FOOL! WHAT IS ONE GARGOYLE AGAINST A KINGDOM?!!
EVERYTHING, SORCERER.
BUT PUT YOUR TRUST IN ME, AND ALL WILL BE WELL...
...FOR HAVE WE NOT SWORN AN ALLIANCE?
DID WE NOT PROMISE TO PROTECT EACH OTHER NIGHT AND DAY?
CLAN-LEADER, YOU HAVE MY THANKS AND MY SYMPATHY, BUT--
BROTHER...
...I SWORE AN OATH TO HIM, AND YOU SWORE ONE TO ME.
FORESWEARING US BOTH MUST NOT BE YOUR FIRST ACT AS SOVEREIGN.

SIGH FINE.
TAKE HER. TAKE YOUR MEN. AND GO.
THE *SONS* OF *MAOL CHALVIM* WERE ALWAYS *REASONABLE* MEN...
...IT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS *FAIL*.
JUST MAKE CERTAIN SHE STAYS *SAFE*, HUMAN...
...ELSE NO POWER IN THE *WORLD* WILL *SAVE* YOU FROM ME AND MINE.
SHE IS SAFE AS LONG AS I REMAIN *UNCHALLENGED*, RHYDDERCH.
REMEMBER THAT!

I CANNOT BELIEVE WE LET HIM GO...
I CANNOT BELIEVE WE LET HER GO...
WE LET *NO ONE* GO.
I TOLD YOU ALL TO *TRUST* ME.
BY THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT, I *WILL* BRING THIS CONFLICT TO AN END.
SO SWEAR I.
NEXT: *The Oath!*

THE TALE OF THE THREE BROTHERS

PART THE SECOND

The Players performed for us on the second night. A wonderful and awe-filled Italian story of betrayal, which I'll write up in the new journal that Alexander (that's what I still call him) has given me. But here on these old pages, I'll continue the young woman's nightly tale. For after the Players had taken their bows, she approached, still in costume, and gathered us all around the fire…

The Story is told – though who can say if it be true – of Three Brothers, who were destined to save their land from tyranny – to save it, and lose it, and save it again.

By the Nine Hundred and Sixty-Second year of the Common Calendar, the tyrannical King Indulf had ruled Scotland for eight summers and eight winters. Now, the King was two years shy of three-score, while his son and heir, Prince Culen was an even forty-years old. Neither father nor son were happy men. Culen was childless. He was heir to the throne, but it was beginning to look as if Indulf's dynasty would end with his only son. Assuming it even lasted that long.

None of Indulf's subjects liked him very much. There were many reasons, one supposes, but the main was that everyone knew he had kept the former Queen Katharine and her young son Malcolm prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. This alone was enough to make people believe him a tyrant. And so, with that knowledge looming in the minds of Thanes and peasants alike, any little infraction on Scottish liberty was viewed as more evidence that Indulf was unfit to rule. And even the Thanes that had sided with him against Duff wondered – sometimes aloud – whether or not they had sided wisely. Honestly,

Indulf would not have minded releasing both prisoners, but, aye, there was the rub. Katharine and Malcolm were the only insurance Indulf had against Malcolm's older brothers Duff and Kenneth.

And as Indulf's popularity had waned, Duff's had waxed. Those same Thanes who had once helped Indulf to the throne approached the fifty-year-old Duff and his thirty-year-old brother Kenneth to pledge their support if only Duff would act. But Duff stubbornly refused to risk Katharine or Malcolm's lives. What kind of King would he make if he couldn't even keep a vow made to his own father?

Now, Malcolm wasn't exactly a happy child. He was eight years old then, and he'd never been outside the walls of Edinburgh Castle. He had only one real friend: a servant and peasant boy from an obscure village called Wyvern, somewhere on the Western coast…

At the mention of Wyvern, we children cheered, while the adults behind us laughed at the now-strategically important Wyvern being referred to as "obscure." *Then the young woman continued…*

This boy, Robbie was his name, was twice Malcolm's age. He was a short, stout lad with a face like a Gargoyle, but he was loyal, and Katharine knew her son would be safe with him.

And, here, Charlemagne scowled, asking, "What does she mean, a face like a Gargoyle?" *But I alone smiled. For only I knew she spoke of my father, who always liked that comparison. The young woman turned to Charlemagne and said,* "I meant he was ruggedly handsome." *Some of the adult humans snickered, but she ignored them and carried on…*

Between the two boys, it was young Malcolm, however, who was the ringleader. Dressed in his favorite wine-dark cape and hood, the child would plot petty vengeances against King Indulf or, more often, against Prince Culen. And Robbie would help the boy carry them out. On one occasion, Malcolm stole a pair of the Prince's fancy

breaches and had Robbie remove the stitching and replace it with a much more delicate thread. The item of clothing was surreptitiously returned. And at the next state dinner, when Prince Culen sat down beside his father, he breached his breaches with a ripping sound loud enough for all the court to hear. Also, loud enough for all the court to hear was the giggling of young Malcolm and Robbie. As the red-faced Culen excused himself from the table, the two mischief-makers ran back to their chambers, where Malcom eagerly related the adventure to his mother. To the boy's surprise, Katharine was not – publicly – amused. She admonished her son for taking such foolish chances. *"What can he do to me?"* Malcolm asked. *"His father needs me alive to keep my brothers at bay."* Katharine pointed out that while it was true that Malcolm's acts of ceremonial sabotage would only earn him a reprimand, he was forgetting that if Robbie was caught, it would certainly cost his life. And this indeed gave Malcolm pause.

Now, Malcolm's mother Katharine, though only twenty-six summers old, was a strong and clever woman. But she knew the situation at Edinburgh was both untenable and intolerable. So, she conceived a daring scheme, and through Robbie – who could come and go from Edinburgh as he pleased – sent a letter to her stepson Duff. Duff and Kenneth considered her proposal. They argued about it. But, ultimately, they agreed. They summoned Robbie, who knew nothing of Katharine's plan. They gave him no details, only a date.

"What was the plan?!" *I found myself shouting. But she would not say.* "That is a tale for tomorrow night." *Her entire audience – adults and children, humans and Gargoyles – groaned in unison. But what choice did we have? We waited…*

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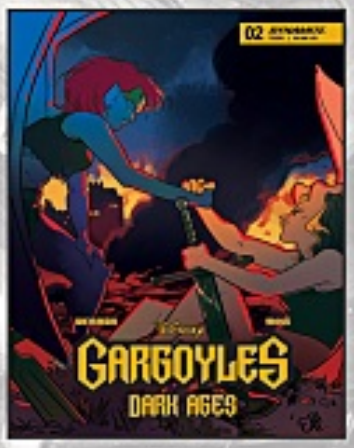
COVER C
Art by
MIRKA ANDOLFO

COVER D
Art by
KENYA DANINO



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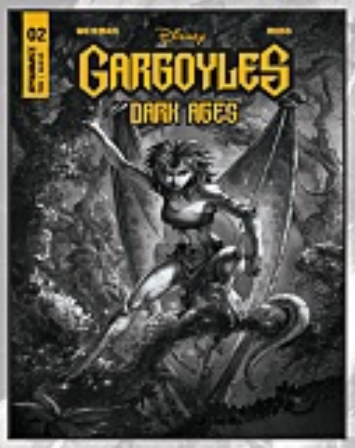

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